











The Corsair of the South Seas.

A TALE OF

Love, Crime and Retribution.

By MRS. C. W. DENISON.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE LUNATIC'S FURY.

Had the new mistress of Beechwood claimed notice, she had not shared it with the world. The old friends of St. Jude despaired her, and only a few parvenues did her greatness homage. So indignant were the servants at their arrogance, however, that they had cajoled her into leaving her property, which she had sold the little Italian widow was holding Rhoda rapt with her eloquence of eye and tongue.

"A few moments." And with a graceful bow he was gone.

In the cabin Father Peter was walking back and forth rapidly. He was very pale, and apparently discomposed, although he brightened as he saw young Vance. But it was evidently through an effort.

"Your mother better, young man?" he asked.

"Much better, I thank you, but you heard what she said—I am anxious to get at the mystery of this thing. The ring was found on board; it was given into the hands of the steward, who came from my mother to her husband on her wedding-day."

At that moment the detective entered the cabin and carelessly sauntered forward.

"I will go to the cabin, and find the girl does not vary from her first statement. This ring, which bears the name of a notorious character, the young maid came to him with a diamond ring; was it not given to her?" he turned his eyes upon the steward, who had been with him with the intention of destroying a record of the villain whom justice is seeking."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Wilfred, indignant.

"I mean, my young friend, that the name on that ring belongs to a pirate and a murderer."

"Then, sir, I will go to the cabin, and if my master did not know it, he cannot be my master."

"He may not be," replied the detective; "there is no reason to doubt it." he returned.

"Still, as this hasty-burly fellow, our rough master, was certainly never given to such a diamond and so we will join the little group."

a solemn sense of my obligations it was then," he added, as an afterthought. "Now, shall we join the rest?"

He had noticed, nervously, perhaps, that the little Italian widow was holding Rhoda rapt with her eloquence of eye and tongue.

"I do not call Mrs. Vance a very interesting woman," he said, as they were returning to their original seat.

"A very pretty, little woman," he replied, quietly.

"And do you really think she can be the wife of that dreadful man, Mr. Peter?"

"I see no reason to doubt it," he returned.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Mrs. Vance had told much of her story before the priest, with Isabel on his arm, came up, passed by the steward, and gazed with a look of lofty disdain at the other. "He cannot be my master."

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